

The Mountain Advocate.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN KNOX COUNTY

New Series: Vol. VI, No. 11

BARBOURVILLE, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1915,

Old Series: Vol. VII, No. 35

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

THE HONOR ROLL NATIONAL BANK

J. M. ROBISON, Pres. R. W. COLE, Cashier

Capital paid in cash \$25,000.00
Surplus Profit Fund cash \$35,000.00

The Bank owns in the way of real estate, money, bonds, and good notes more than \$400,000.00.

The First National Bank has been in existence about thirteen years. It has always paid a good dividend to its stockholders, and in addition thereto it has set apart out of its net earnings to the SURPLUS PROFIT FUND \$35,000.00. This certainly proves to any thinking man or woman that the First National Bank has had, experienced, careful and successful management.

We invite your business on our record of safety and helpful assistance to our patrons.



West-Black

Yesterday at the home of the bride, in Childersburg, Ala. Captain Read P. Black and Miss Louise West were married. It is hardly necessary for us to undertake to say anything in the way of introductory of these two young people.

Miss West has been a teacher in the Union College for some time, in the capacity of expressionist, and has become so well acquainted by her charming way of saying and doing things that not only has her students learned to love her, but she actually captured Captain Black, and snatched him from Bachelorhood, where he was loth to roam and made him feel the power of cupid's arrow, which made him break the vow that he had so long cherished, that he would live and die a bachelor. Miss West is one of Alabama's best and sweetest girls and we feel proud that she will continue to live among us.

Captain Black is a son of Hon. John A. Black, who is widely known, and was educated among us and has always stayed among the boys. He was a Lieutenant in Troop "A" First Kentucky Cavalry during the Spanish American war, was Captain of a Company of the Militia during the Taylor-Goebel trouble at Frankfort. He was elected County Court Clerk in 1909, and was re-elected in 1913. He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and many of the secret societies, and a man that is highly respected by those who know him. We wish these good people many happy and prosperous years of married life, and that not the least trouble will ever mar their future happiness.

BEN FRANKLIN SAID



Save

a little of thy income and thy hide bound pocket will soon begin to thrive and will never again cry with the empty belly-ache; neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite - nor will nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart.

HE WAS RIGHT

Follow this advice and bring part of your earnings to this bank each month. WE SHARE OUR PROFITS WITH YOU.

We Pay 3% Interest on Time Deposits

CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$60,000.00
Stockholders worth more than \$2,000,000.00
Watch for our

New Year Announcement

we are preparing to give you better service than ever before.

NATIONAL BANK OF JOHN A. BLACK

J. R. JONES, Cashier. W. R. LAY, Acting Pres.

FOR THE CITIZENS OF BARBOURVILLE AND KNOX COUNTY

Mr. R. J. Cassidy, of Lexington, Ky., will be in our city next Monday to give away to the people absolutely free of charge his rheumatism remedy his star remedy; following are the testimonials from leading physicians of the city of Lexington as to the merits of his medicine:

CASSIDY'S HERBS

Containing Stillingia root, Rumex root, Chimaphila leaves, Blue flag roots, Coriander seed, Corydalis, Xanthoxylum and Sanguinaria. The drugs are used and highly recommended by the medical professions for catarrhal condition of the head, stomach, kidney and bladder, scrofula, rheumatism and constipation. Also used as an alternative to purify the blood and stimulate the liver.

Directions For Preparing And Using

Place contents of package in 1 1/2 pints of cold water contained in a suitable vessel, slowly to boil and add 1/2 pint of pure glycerine and set aside in a warm place for about 24 hours; strain through cloth into quart bottle and add enough water to fill bottle.

DOSE—Take a teaspoonful 3 times a day after meals.

DR. A. P. TAYLOR

Office Merrick Lodge Building—Phone 327
Lexington, May 15, 1915.

This is to certify that I am perfectly familiar with the formula used by R. J. Cassidy's Herbs. It is the identical formula used and known to be a magic remedy for dropsy and all blood diseases. This formula has been used for forty years and can be found in Kilner's Druggist's Formulary, which is a compilation of the best remedies known for all such diseases as stomach, kidney, liver, blood condition, and by its direct stimulation on the various eliminative organs of the human body made the compound famous for Dropsy, etc.

Respectfully,
A. P. TAYLOR, M. D.

W. M. BANNISTER, M. D.

Lexington, May 12, 1915.

Prof. Allen:

The drugs contained in Cassidy's Herbs are those used in making vegetable alternative compounds. They are in various proportions and recommended by the profession for rheumatism and different catarrhal conditions.

Respectfully,
W. E. BANNISTER, M. D.

E. J. BRASHEAR, M. D.

Lexington, May 15, 1915.

On examination of the drugs contained in Cassidy's preparation I find them to be drugs used and endorsed by the profession and consider them to be of benefit in rheumatism, catarrhal trouble, etc. Also an excellent blood alternative and tonic.

Respectfully,
E. J. BRASHEAR, M. D.

Any one who will send \$1.00 to R. J. Cassidy, in care of Lexington Patent Medicine Co., Lexington, Ky., will receive two packages of these herbs.

KANSAS STATE BOARD OF HEALTH

Division of Food and Drugs
TOPEKA

September 23, 1915.

Mr. Hogan L. Yancey,
County Attorney,
Lexington, Ky.

Dear Sir:

We have received your letter some time ago but have been waiting until we heard from Analyst in regard to the analysis of Cassidy's Herbs, which you sent us. We note you ask us to kindly notify you at our earliest convenience as to whether or not Mr. Cassidy can sell these herbs in Kansas.

We have written Mr. Cassidy that the sample contained the drugs claimed, mostly official drugs that have been recognized as having value in disease, such as Rheumatism, Catarrh and Scrofula.

Very truly yours,
LEON A. CONGDON,
Chief of Division.

(Advertisement.)

THE BATTLE-CRY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK
AUTHOR of "The CALL of the CUMBERLANDS"
ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

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CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

CHAPTER XVII.

When winter has come and settled down for its long siege in the Cumberlands human life shrinks and shrivels into a shivering wretchedness, and a spirit of dreariness steals into the human heart.

The house of old Milt McBriar was not so dark and cheerless a hovel as the houses of his lesser neighbors, but as that winter closed in his heart was bitter and his thoughts were black. In a roundabout way he had learned of Young Milt's visit to the McNash cabin. His son was the apple of his eye, and now he was seeing him form embryonic affiliations with the people of his enemy.

Young Milt had visited Dawn; he had watched with Anse Havey. The father had always taken a natural pride in the honesty that gleamed from his son's alert eyes, and the one person from whom he had concealed his own ways of guile and deceit most studiously was the lad who would some day be leader in his stead. There were few things that this old intriguer feared, but one there was, and now it was tracing lines of care and anxiety in the visage that had always been so masklike and imperturbable. If his son should ever look past his outward self and catch a glimpse of the inner man, the father knew that he would not be able to sustain the scorn of those younger eyes. So, while the lad, who had gone back to college in Lexington, conned his books, his father sat before the blaze of his hearth, his pipe tight clamped between his teeth, his heart festering in his breast, and his mind dangerously active.

The beginnings of all the things which he deplored, and meant to punish, went back to the establishment of a school with a "fetched-on" teacher. Had Dawn McNash not come there, his boy's feet would not have gone wandering westward over the ridge, straying out of partisan paths. The slowness of her body, the lure of her violet eyes, and the dusky meshes of her dark hair had led his own son to guard the roof that sheltered her against the hand of arson the father had hired.

But most of all, Anse Havey was responsible: Anse Havey who had persuaded his son to make common cause with the enemy. For that Anse Havey must die.

Heretofore Old Milt had struck only at lesser men, fearing the retribution of too audacious a crime, but now his venom was acute, and even such grave considerations as the danger of a holocaust must not halt its appeasement. Still the mind of Milt McBriar, the elder, had worked long in intrigue, and even now it could not follow a direct line. Bad Anse must not be shot down in the road. His taking off must be accomplished by a shrewd method, and one not directly traceable to so palpable a motive as his own hatred. Such a plan his brain was working out, but for its execution he needed a hand of craft and force—such a hand as only Luke Thixton could supply—and Luke was West.

It was not his intention to rush hastily into action. Some day he would go down to Lexington and Luke should come East to meet him. There, a hundred and thirty miles from the hills, the two of them would arrange matters to his own satisfaction.

Roger Malcolm had gone back, and he had not, after all, gone back with a conqueror's triumph. He was now discussing in directors' meetings plans looking to a titanic grouping of interests which were to focalize on these hills and later to bring developments. The girl's school was gradually making itself felt and each day saw small classes at the desk and blackboard—small classes that were growing larger.

Now that Milt had laid the groundwork of his plans, he was making the field fallow by a seeding of general benevolence. His word had gone out along the creeks and branches and into the remote coves of his territory that it "wouldn't hurt folks none ter give their children a little Farnin'."

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In response to that hint they trooped from the east, wherever the roads could be traveled. Among those who "hitched an' lighted" at the fence were not only parents who brought their children, but those who came impelled by that curiosity which lurks in lonely lives. There were men in jeans and hickory shirts; women in gay shawls and lincey-woolsey and calico; people from "back of beyond," and Juanita felt her heart beat faster with the hope of success.

"I bear ye've got a right plentiful gatherin' of young barbarians over there at the college these days," said Anse Havey one afternoon, when they met up on the ridge.

Her chin came up proudly and her eyes sparkled.

"It has been wonderful," she told him. "Only one thing has marred it."

"What's that?" he asked.

"Your slootness. Just because I'm going to smash your wicked regime," she laughed, "is no reason why you should remain peeved about it and sulk in your tent."

He shook his head and gazed away. Into his eyes came that troubled look which nowadays they sometimes wore.

"I reckon it wouldn't hardly be honest for me to come. I've told ye I don't think the thing will do no good."

He was looking at her and his hands slowly clenched. Her beauty, with the enthusiasm lighting her eyes, made him feel like a man whose thirst was killing him and who gazed at a clear spring beyond his reach—or, like the caravan driver whose sight is tortured by a mirage. He drew a long breath then added:

"I've got another reason an' a stronger one for not comin' over there very often. Any time ye wants me for anything I reckon ye knows I'll come."

"What is your reason?" she demanded.

"I ain't never been much interested in any woman." He held her eyes so directly that a warm color suddenly flooded her cheeks, then he went on with naked honesty and an unconcealed bitterness of heart: "When I puts myself in the way of havin' to love one, I'll pick a woman that won't have to be ashamed of me—some mountain woman."

For an instant she stared at him in astonishment, then she exclaimed: "Ashamed of you? I don't think any woman would be ashamed of you, Mr. Havey," but, recognizing that her voice had been overserious, she laughed, and once more her eyes danced with gay mischief.

"I ain't afraid of me. I'll promise not to make love to you."

"I'm obliged," he said slowly. "That ain't what I'm skeered of. I'm afraid ye couldn't hardly stop me from makin' love to you."

He paused, and the badinage left her eyes.

"Mr. Havey," she said with great seriousness, "I'm glad you said that it gives us a chance to start honest. As all true friendship should start. In some things any woman is wiser than any man. You thought you were going to hate me, but you don't."

"God knows I don't," he fiercely interrupted her.

"Neither will you fall in love with me. You told me once of your superior age and wisdom, but in some things you are still a boy. You are a very lonely boy, too—a boy with a heart hungry for companionship. You have had friends only in books—comradeship only in dreams. You have lived down there in that old prison of a house with a sword of Damocles hanging always over your head. Because we have been in a way congenial, you are mistaking our friendship for danger of love."

Danger of love! He knew that it had gone past a mere danger, and his eyes for a moment must have shown that he realized its hopelessness, but Juanita shook her head and went on:

"Don't do it. It would be a pity, I'm rather hungry, too, for a friend; I don't mean for a friend in my work, but a friend in my life. Can't we be friends like that?"

She stood looking into his eyes, and slowly the drawn look of gravity left his face.

He had always thought quickly and dared to face realities. He was now facing his hardest reality. He loved her with utter hopelessness. Her eyes told him that it must always be just that way, and yet she had appealed to him—she had said she needed his friendship. To call it love would make it necessary for her to decline it. Henceforth life for Anse Havey was to mean a heartache, but if she wanted his allegiance she might call it what she would. It was hers.

Swiftly he vowed in his heart to set a seal on his lips and play the part she had assigned to him.

"I'm right glad ye said that," he answered her. "I reckon ye're right. I reckon we can go on fightin' and bein' friends. Ye see, as I said, I didn't know much about womenfolks, an' because I liked ye I was worried."

She nodded understandingly.

Suddenly he bent forward and his words broke impetuously from his lips.

"Do ye 'low to marry that man Malcolm?" He came a step toward her, then raising his hand swiftly, he added: "No—don't answer that question! That's your business. I didn't have no license to ask. Besides, I don't want ye to answer it."

"It's a bargain, isn't it?" she smiled. "Whenever you get lonely over there by yourself and find that Hamlet isn't as lively a companion as you want, or that Alexander the Great is a little too fond of himself, or Napoleon is overmoody, come over here and we'll try to cheer each other up."

"I reckon," he said with an answering smile, "I'm liable to feel that way tonight, but I ain't comin' to learn civilization. I'm just comin' to see you."

(Continued next week)

Notice of Filing Petition

On January 8th, 1916, I will file a petition in the Knox County Court for a change of roadway on Moors Creek, said change will be through the lands of Thomas Horn and Dink Miller, so as to cut out bad hills and secure a better grade.

This the 23th. of Dec. 1915.
Thomas Hubbard,
County Road Engr., K. C.

Frank Stansbury, who has been traveling in the Western States for over a year, retires Friday to spend the holidays with relatives and friends.